## Swifty Shoots a Shadow

AY, Shorty," says Swifty Joe, off the door, wouldn't it?"

Which gets Swifty servetching the gym here the other afternoon and nudgin' me in the shoulders. "There it is again."

"Eh?" says I, still readin' the sportin' notes in a four-star-complete final "The shadow on the door," goes on

"Oh. yes, so it is," says I, twistin' my neck for a look at the ground-gass pane that separates my front office from the second-floor landin'. "But what of it?"

"It—it ain't lucky," says Swifty, solemn.

"Ah, what dream book did you dig that from," says I. "Where do you get all that stuff?"
"Well, it ain't, that's all," he in-sists. "You can't tell what'll come of it."

of it."
"Rah!" says I.
All the same, I couldn't help turnin'
for another look. It's the shadow of
a man's head and face; a side view,
sort of a silhouette. You could make
out the slouch hat pulled down over
the even and the chin lost in the coat the eyes and the chin lost in the coat

the eyes and the chin lost in the coat collar. I must admit it ain't cheerful, even for a shadow.

"Spooky lookin'," adds Swifty.

"But you know who is out there," I tells him.

"Yeauh," says he. "It's that sourfaced bird; Gloomy Gus, I calls him. He's waitin 'for that little dame that does twin' in the Sichert offices on does typin' in the Siebert offices or the next floor."

Well, there you are," says I. "How "Well, there you are," says I. "How do you work up a jinx out of that?" Swifty shakes his head. "A shadow on the door ain't lucky," he grumbles. "I've allus heard that."

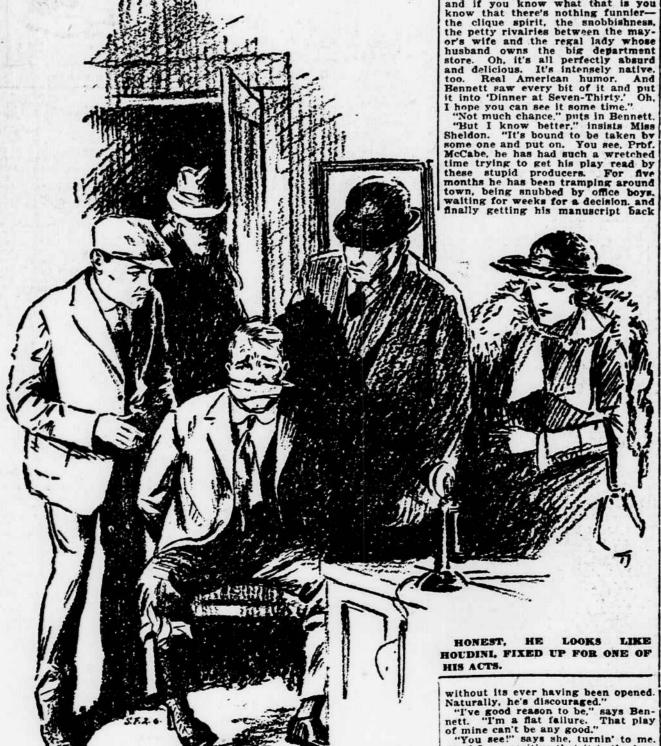
And he's an expert on the rules of luck, good and bad. Swifty is. Knews 'em all, from what happens if you lace up the right shoe first, to the awful fate that'll swamp you if you forget to cross your fingers and

you forget to cross your fingers and spit when you pass a cross-eyed "Oh, come:" says I. "This has been going on nearly every night for a month now, and neither of us has been hit by a taxi or held up by a



and if you know what that is you know that there's nothing funnierthe clique spirit, the snobbishness petty rivalries between the may Real American humor.

And



he, "but really, I'm not. I just took a chance that perhaps you might have some kind of work that I could do."
"I am Miss Sheldon," says she. "Like fillin' ink wells or dustin' the bric-a-brac, eh?" I suggests sarcastic Cabe, as you can see on the door.

FRANTZ

as I looks him up and down.

Now we're all set to hear about why
Bennett is too good to sweep the "I know I'm not very strong," says he, studio floor." but I could sweep or wash windows. And say, in spite of all Bennett can I didn't know but what you'd like to have me come in for an hour or so it straight from the shoulder. Actionate this time every day and—er—cordia to Miss Sheldon this young clean things up. I wouldn't ask much gent, whose back hair and shirt cuffs for it say a counte of dollars a week." for it, say a couple of dollars a week." He's so earnest about it, and there's genius. such a meek, wistful look in them gentle brown eyes of his, that I was But I'd made two wrong guesses.

gentle brown eyes of his, that I was almost sorry I'd begun joshin' him. I glances inquirin' across to Swifty Joe. But Swifty is shakin' his head energetic.

But I'd made two wrong guesses. Play writin' was his line.

"Yes," says I. "most everybody who has time writes one, whether they know anything about it or not."

"But Bennett does know," she insured the whole thing out from their side of three minutes he's changed his mind. "Let's hear the over the prunes and coffee in a cheap boarding house, with him readin' his play to her one evenin' and she of"Mr. Siebert will hear your 'Dinner'."

"Mr. Siebert will hear your 'Dinner'."

of mine can't be any good."
"You see!" says she, turnin' to me.
"And I am positive that it is the best
American comedy ever written. I
typed it for him, and I've been over it
so many times I almost know it by
heart. There are some perfectly
screaming situations in it. And such
clever lines!"

clever lines!"
"You're kind of interested in Bennett, I take it?" says I.
"Oh, yes," says she. "You see, we'r.

engaged."
"No, we're not," comes in Bennett: "That doesn't frighten me in the st," says Edith. "I've heard that "I've released you from that. If I sawl a dozen times a day for the last to "But you're going to," announces Miss Sheldon. He shakes his head gloomy. "Did you get Siebert to read it today?" he

"I couldn't manage it," she admits.

"Then that's the last hope," says Bennett. "I might as well quit," "And sweep floors!" says she. "Oh. So it seems I'd stepped into this littie romance of theirs just when it was turnin' into a tragedy. It ain't much of a tale, at that. I could piece the whole thing out from their side remarks. It was a case of meeting over the prunes and coffee in a cheap boarding house, with him readin' his "Come. Bennett," announces Edith.

ous. "He's up there now," says she, "alone." says I. "What then?" says I.

"Then come," says the little lady.
Say, she was clear grit, she was.
She led the tiptoein procession up

up for one of his acts, only Sol. Siebert has too many stiff joints to in that part of George Mason's will wriggle out of the knots. says he, settlin' back afte a final tug. "You got me. But I at Seven Thirty now. And I'm sure don't keep much money by me and I he's going to like it very much. Here's

Edith, "but you're not going to be robbed. It's only Miss Sheldon."
"Wha-a-a-at!" he bellows. "You?
What do you mean by this?" "Simply that I want you to listen to that play I've been telling you about, says she. "I have the author here and he—"
"Help! Murder!" howls Slebert, strugglin again to break loose.
"Shut the doors, Bennett," says Edith. "And really, Mr. Siebert, there's

no use making such a fuss. Nearly every one has left the building. Shout f you wish, though. We'll wait until you're through.' "I'll-I'll have you jailed for this!"

he growls. "Possibly," says Edith, calm and soothin'. "But you're going to hear Mr. Blair read his play first, so you might as well make up your mind to that piece. I heard one that was that."

"I must be at the theater by 8 it was comic, all right. Old Seibert

quite a fast reader." "He can't read anything to me, ver." says Siebert.
"How silly of you." says Edith.
You can't help yourself."
no action. Then half-past, and still no riot. Must have been near quarter of 7 when we finally hears heavy footever." says Siebert. "You can't help yourself."

## By Sewell Ford THE RAMBLER WRITES SECOND ARTICLE OF HIS HISTORY OF ANALOSTAN ISLAND

An Early Discussion in the House of Representatives Regarding a Dam and Causeway. Something More About the Will of George Mason. First Reference in Maryland Records to Analostan Island.

Analostan Island it is meant to finish that part of the story which treats of the wills and bequests of George Mason and his sons to turn to the original grant of the island and to take up the subject of the dam and causeway between the island and the Virginia shore, the rocky relic of which causeway you where the testator recommended to see at low tide today. The story of his sons that they should prefer the happiness and independence of private life to the troubles and vexathere is a petition to Congress signed tions of public business. After that by nearly all the property holders of paragraph he writes:

N this chapter of the history of

tuted an obstruction to navigation.
One strange feature in all this disturbance is that outsde of the House

the plan.

that threatened war between the was phrobably a repatent to that
Some members of the House of RepUnited States and Great Britain, and island, and he chose the name Barbame gawpin'. As for Bennett, he fairly gasps when he hears the proposition.

"Why, Edith" he protests.

"It's either that or allow you to sweep floors," says she. "What do you say, professor; will you help?" Tan't back out now, says I. "To make a thorough job of it, though, I expect we'd better take Swifty Joe along, too."

"Then come," says the little lady. Say, she was clear grit, she was, she lad the tintoein' procession. Say, she was clear grit, she was. Say, she was clear grit, she was the the stairs, and then, leavin' Bennett in the outside office, she opens the inside door gentle and makes the rush. Before he knew what was happenin', too, she had that handker chief around Slebert's eyes and had tied it scientific just under his bald spot in the back.

Course, the old boy lets out a bellow and begins thrashin' around with his arms, but Swifty and I were right behind her, each with a couple of towels, and in no time at all we had his wrists and ankles anchored to different parts of the desk chair. Honest, he looks like Houdini fixed up up for one of his acts, only Sol. Sie-The Rambler left off last Sunday

> him. There:"
> "Say," Swifty whispers husky in my ear. "we ain't tied, are we?"
> "Happy thought," says I, and we slips out to the stairs and down to our own floor.
>
> "What'll she do, I wonder," says
> Swifty, "when he's heard it all?"
>
> "Maybe it'll be worth being late to
> dinner ourselves to know," says I.

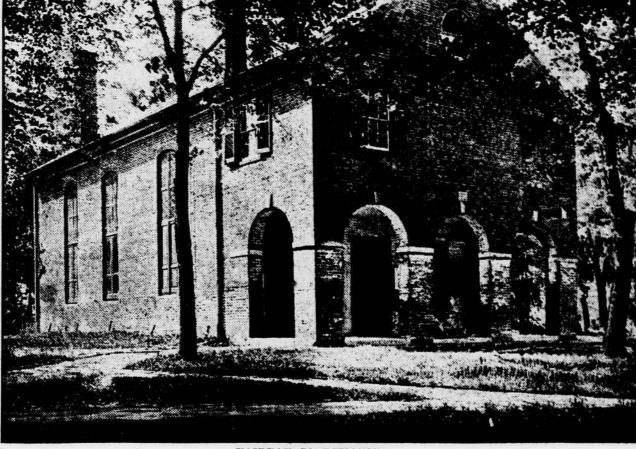
> Swifty agrees that it would, so we camps down to wait. But it was quite a siege. Three times Swifty sneaks up and listens in. The first time he has nothing to report, except that the old boy is just breathin heavy. The second time his bulletin is more excitin'. "Whaddye know!" says he. "He's

havin' him go over part of it again."
Later on Swifty comes down with
a grin on his face. "Say, Shorty," he
remarks, "there's some good gags in o'clock," he insists.

"That's more than three hours from now," says she, "and Mr. Blair is quite a fast reader."

"Huh!" says I. "He's got nothing else to do. Wait until he gets loose, though." It got to be 6 o'clock, however, and

steps on the stairs, and with the



FAIRFAX COURTHOUSE.

"What then?" says I.

"I have a plan," says she. "But I need help. I wonder, professor, if—
if you wouldn't lend a hand."

"Sure," says I. "I'd do almost anything, barrin' murder, to put one over on that old grouch. What's the plot of the piece?"

But, say, for a meek-looking little wisp like her, it was some scheme to think up. She sketches it out, though, like it wasn't anything out of the ordinary. I'll admit she had me gawpin'. As for Bennett, he fairly gasps when he hears the propo-

He leaves to his wife the slaves, Jessie, Charles and Bob. sons of Old Let; Cupid Will, son of Old Celia; Old Let, Old Delia, Phillis, Mulatto Let. Old "Ugh" says he, settlin' back after a final tug. "You got me. But I don't keep much money by me and I carry burglar insurance. Go on, you yeggs."

"Excuse me, Mr. Siebert," says Edith, "but you're not going to be robbed. It's only Miss Sheldon."

"Wha-a-a-at!" he bellows. "You? What do you mean by this?"

"Happy thought," says I, and we slips out to the stairs and down to show the stairs and the daughter of Old Delia, Phillis, Mulatto Let, Old Nell and her daughter Nell, Black Poll, Nan, daughter of Old Delia, Phillis, Mulatto Let, Old Nell and her daughter Nell, Black Poll, Nan, daughter of Old Delia, Phillis, Mulatto Let, Old Nell and her daughter Nell, Black Poll, Nan, daughter of Old Delia, Phillis, Mulatto Let, Old Nell and her daughter Nell, Black Poll, Nan, daughter of Old Delia, Phillis, Mulatto Let, Old Nell and her daughter of Old Delia, Phillis, Mulatto Let, Old Nell and her daughter of Old Delia, Phillis, Mulatto Let, Old Nell and her daughter of Old Delia, Phillis, Mulatto Let, Old Nell and her daughter of Old Delia, Phillis, Mulatto Let, Old Nell and her daughter of Old Delia, Phillis, Mulatto Let, Old Nell and her daughter of Old Delia, Phillis, Mulatto Let, Old Nell and her daughter of Old Delia, Phillis, Mulatto Let, Old Nell and her daughter of Old Delia, Phillis, Mulatto Let, Old Nell and her daughter of Old Delia, Phillis, Mulatto Let, Old Nell and her daughter of Old Delia, Phillis, Mula and Ann Eilbeck Mason. To his son, Thomson Mason, he leaves his gold watch, confirms to him slaves given

or 7 when we manily hears heavy foot"Gr-Fr-Fr's says Siebert.
"That doesn't frighten me in the
staff, and of the staff, and with the
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tion it by any other name. However, this may be cleared up later. At some time the island of Analostan was time the island of Analostan was called Barbadoes. George Mason, in his will written in 1773, says that he leaves "my Island in the Patomack River opposite the mouth of Rock Creek which I had under a patent from the Lord Proprietary of Maryland by the name of Barbadoes," to his son, John Mason. Mason's patent was probably a repatent to that does for some reason we do not know. There was to the Rambler's knowledge at least one ownership of the island between Brandt's patent and the birth of George Mason, and the record of that ownership is in the courthouse at Marlboro and will be brought out in due course. It may be that the second, or subsequent, owners intervening between Brandt and Mason named the island Barbadoes, but we will get to that before we get through.

There is something about this name Barbadoes in its relation to the Dis-

mento left), I give a mourning ring at her election of the value of \$25."

These old wills are all among the records of Fairfax county, and it was through the aid of F. W. Richardson, clerk of the court, that the Rambler was enabled to make extracts from them. Mr. Richardson has been clerk of the Fairfax court since 1880 and his father, the late F. D. Richardson, was clerk of that court from Analostan Island, because tracts pat-How it is a fairly bound by the property sense. The property sense is a sense as some in the property sense. The property sense is a sense as some in the property sense is a sense as some in the property sense. The property sense is a sense as some in the property sense is a sense in the property sense in the property sense is a sense in the property sense in the property sense is a sense in the property sense in the property sense in the p

paper, bearing date of April 12, 1714: "By virtue of a warrant granted unto James Moore of Prince Georges county for 103 acres of land dated the 14th day of October, 1713, I have surveyed for the said Moore all that tract of land called Barbadoes lying in the said county on the west side of the north branch of the Eastern branch of Patomack river, bounded as follows: Beginning at two bounded black oaks and two bounded poplars standing on the said branch side." btc. etc., "containing as laid out

## Famous Swords Contained in National Museum Exhibit

Americans of military fame rest in the National Museum, and they are among the attractions that hold the attention of visitors. They are among the exhibits which strangers come upon on entering the old museum building through the main entrance. The swords are exhibited in connection with thousands of other relics of gallant men, but they gleam in the big glass cases in a way that makes big glass cases in a way that makes 1881. His plain service sword is bethem especially conspicuous. From the opening until the clos-

The will of James M. Mason, United States senator and Confederate envoy to Great Britain, was dated December 21, 1869, and probated at the court of Fairfax county in 1871. He describes himself as of Clarens, Fairfax county, and the Rambler believes that Clarens is somewhere west of the Clarens is of yo possed seminary, but that is to be cleaves Clarens with my two daughters, Virginia Mason and James Mason. To leaves Clarens with my two daughters, Virginia Mason and James Mason. To leaves Clarens with my dear and excellent wife and to my two daughters, Virginia Mason and James Mason. To leaves Clarens with my dear and excellent wife and to my two daughters, Virginia Mason and Eliza (called Ilda) Mason." His professional and political books he leaves to his sons of the great museum broom the great museum broom the group of persons may be found a group of persons may be found to around the relics of Gen. U. S. Grant. Here are a number of swords, most around the relics of Gen. U. S. Grant. Here are a number of swords, most around the relics of Gen. U. S. Grant. Here are a number of swords, most and gold than that presented to Admiral John W. Phillip by the extension of Gen. St. Grant. Here are a number of swords, most and gold than that presented to Clarent work and gold than that presented to Admiral John W. Phillip by the extension of Gen. St. Grant. Here are a number of swords, most and gold than that presented to Clarent work and gold than that presented to Admiral John W. Phillip by the extension of Gen. L. S. Grant. Here are a number of swords, most and gold than that presented to Admiral John W. Phillip word the close of Gen. Here are a number of swords, most and gold than that presen

No sword in the collection is more beautiful or more brilliant with dia